

2.  
A  
C O U R S E  
O F  
Singing PSALMS,  
For Half a Year;

BEGINNING

On the First *Sunday* in *January*, and  
again on the First *Sunday* in *July*: And  
also Proper P S A L M S for Particular  
DAYS and OCCASIONS.

AGREEABLE TO THE

DIRECTIONS given by the late Lord Bishop  
of L O N D O N to the C L E R G Y of his  
Diocese, in the Year 1724.

TOGETHER WITH

The Tunes adapted to each P S A L M.

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L O N D O N:

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*Pater-noster-Row*.





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A  
C O U R S E  
O F  
Singing PSALMS, &c.

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MORNING. *First Sunday.*

PSALM VIII. *St. James's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all Creatures bow  
Within this earthly Frame;  
Through all the World how great art Thou!  
How glorious is thy Name!
- 2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there:  
And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue  
Thy boundless Praise declare:
- 3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring Sight;  
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
With Stars of feebl' Light:
- 4 What's Man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy Mind?  
Or what his Off-spring, that thou prov'st  
To them so wond'rous kind?

- 5 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow  
 Within this earthly Frame,  
 Through all the World how great art Thou:  
 How glorious is thy Name!

P S A L M I. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents  
 By ill Advice to walk;  
 Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits  
 Where Men profanely talk.
- 2 But makes the perfect Law of God  
 His Business and Delight;  
 Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
 And meditates by Night.
- 3 Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams  
 With timely Fruit does bend:  
 He still shall flourish, and Success  
 All his Designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just Man's Ways,  
 To Happiness they tend;  
 But Sinners and the Paths they tread,  
 Shall both in Ruin end.

A F T E R N O O N.

P S A L M IV. *St. Mary's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,  
 To my Complaint give Ear;  
 Thou still redeem'st me from Distress,  
 Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy  
 More lasting and more true,

Than

Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine  
Succesively renew.

- 3 Then down in Peace I lay my Head,  
And take my needful Rest;  
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,  
Of thy Defence possess.
  - 4 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The GOD whom we adore;  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Second Sunday.*

P S A L M CXIX. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect Way!  
Who never from the sacred Paths  
Of God's Commandments stray!
- 2 Thrice blest! who to his righteous Laws  
Have still obedient been!  
And have with fervent humble Zeal  
His Favour sought to win!
- 3 Such Men their utmost Caution use  
To shun each wicked Deed;  
But in the Path which he directs  
With constant Care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoyn'd us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred Will;  
And all our Diligence employ  
Thy Statutes to fulfil.

A 3

**Psalm**

P S A L M V. *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
Accept my secret Pray'r;  
To thee alone, my King, my God,  
Will I for Help repair.
- 2 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear;  
And with the dawning Day  
To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
To thee devoutly pray.
- 3 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,  
For watchful is my Foe;  
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way  
Wherein I ought to go.
- 4 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord  
His Blessing will extend,  
And with his Favour all his Saints,  
As with a Shield, defend.
- 5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The GOD whom we adore;  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be ever more.

## A F T E R N O O N.

P S A L M XV. *York Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man that may  
To thy blest Courts repair?  
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,  
But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
By Rules of Virtue moves;

Whose

Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak  
The Thing his Heart disproves.

- 3 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,  
Can treat with just Neglect;  
And Piety, though cloth'd in Rags,  
Religiously respect.
  - 4 The Man, who by his steady Course  
Has Happiness ensur'd,  
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,  
By Providence secur'd.
- 

MORNING. *Third Sunday.*

PSALM XIX. *St. Anne's Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD,  
Which that alone can fill:  
The Firmament and Stars express  
Their great CREATOR'S Skill.
- 2 The Dawn of each returning Day,  
Fresh Beams of Knowledge brings:  
From darkest Night's successive Rounds  
Divine Instruction springs:
- 3 Their pow'ful Language to no Realm  
Or Region is confin'd;  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
Alike by all Mankind.
- 4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense  
Through Earth's Extent display;  
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
Does round the World convey.



SECOND PART. *Stafford Tune.*

- 1 **G**OD's perfect Law converts the Soul,  
Reclaims from false Desires ;  
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
The Ignorant inspires.
- 2 The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere Delight ;  
His pure Commands in Search of Truth,  
Assist the feeblest Sight.
- 3 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,  
On sure Foundations laid :  
His equal Laws are in the Scales  
Of Truth and Justice weigh'd :
- 4 My trusty Counsellors they are,  
And friendly Warnings give ;  
Divine Rewards attend on those  
Who by thy Precepts live.

## AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXVI. *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love  
Entirely is possess ;  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
The Voice of my Request.
- 2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair :  
But still, in all the Straits of Life,  
To him address my Pray'r.
- 3 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,  
And thus to him I pray'd,

" Lord,

“ Lord, I beseech thee save my Soul,  
 “ With Sorrows quite dismay’d.

- 4 How just and merciful is God,  
 How gracious is the Lord !  
 Who saves the Harmless, and to me  
 Does timely Help afford.
- 5 Then, free from penfive Cares, my Soul  
 Resume thy wonted Rest ;  
 For God has wond’rously to thee  
 His bounteous Love express’d.

M O R N I N G. *Fourth Sunday.*

P S A L M XXXIII. *Old 81st Tune.*

- 1 **L** E T all the Just to God with Joy,  
 Their chearful Voices raise ;  
 For well the Righteous it becomes  
 To sing glad Songs of Praise.
- 2 For faithful is the Word of God,  
 His Works with Truth abound ;  
 He Justice loves, and all the Earth  
 Is with his Goodness crown’d.
- 3 By his almighty Word at first,  
 Heav’n’s glorious Arch was rear’d :  
 And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,  
 At his Command appear’d.
- 4 Whate’er the mighty LORD decrees,  
 Shall stand forever sure ;  
 The settled Purpose of his Heart  
 To Ages shall endure.

SECOND PART. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW happy then are they to whom  
The Lord for God is known ;  
Whom he from all the World besides  
Has chosen for his own.
- 2 He all the Nations of the Earth  
From Heav'n his Throne survey'd ;  
He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts,  
By him their Hearts were made.
- 3 'Tis GOD, who those that trust in him  
Beholds with gracious Eyes :  
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want  
In Time of Dearth supplies.
- 4 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,  
Our Help and Shield is he :  
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in thee.
- 5 'The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
On Thee alone depend.

## AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXIX. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the Young preserve their Ways  
From all Pollution free ?  
By making still their Course of Life  
With thy Commands agree.
- 2 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,  
To thee for Succour pray ;

O suffer

- O suffer not my careless Steps  
From thy right Paths to stray.
- 3 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,  
Thy Word, my Treasure, lies :  
To succour me with timely Aid,  
When sinful Thoughts arise.
- 4 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul  
Shall ever bless thy Name :  
O! teach me then by thy just Laws  
My future Life to frame.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Fifth Sunday.*

P S A L M XXXIV. *St. David's Tune.*

- 1 **T**Hrough all the changing Scenes of Life,  
In Trouble and in Joy,  
The Praises of my GOD shall still  
My Heart and Tongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest,  
From my Example Comfort take,  
And charm their Grievs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his Name :  
When in Distress to him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The GOD whom we adore  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

PSALM C. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth  
To God their chearful Voices raise;  
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
And sing before him Songs of Praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed:  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The Folk that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his Temple-Gate,  
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with Praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His Mercy is for ever sure;  
His Truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless Ages shall endure.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM LXV. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise  
In Sion waits, thy chosen Seat,  
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous Vows compleat.
- 2 O Thou who to my humble Pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,  
To thee shall all Mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious Throne appear.



- 3 Our Sins (though numberless) in vain  
To stop thy flowing Mercy try;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,  
And washest out the Crimson Dye.
- 4 Blest is the Man, who near thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives !  
Whilst we at humble Distance taste  
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.
- 

MORNING. *Sixth Sunday.*

PSALM XLII. *Burford Tune.*

- 1 **A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams  
When heated in the Chace,  
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee  
And thy refreshing Grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty Soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold thy Face,  
Thou Majesty divine !
- 3 Why restless, why cast down my Soul ?  
Trust God, who will employ  
His Aid for thee ; and change these Sighs  
To thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down my Soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt Sing  
The Praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy Health's eternal Spring.

P S A L M XXIII. *Southampton Tune.*

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
     Vouchsafes to be my Guide;  
 The Shepherd by whose constant Care  
     My Wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,  
     And gently there repose;  
 Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
     Refreshing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,  
     And to his endless Praise,  
 Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
     In all his righteous Ways.

4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death  
     From Fear and Danger free;  
 Ev'n there thy aiding Rod and Staff  
     Defend and comfort me.

5 Since thou dost thus thy wond'rous Love  
     Through all my Life extend;  
 That Life to thee may I devote,  
     And in thy Service spend!

## A F T E R N O O N.

P S A L M CXIX. *Manchester Tune.*

1 **M**Y Soul oppress'd with deadly Care,  
     Close to the Dust does cleave,  
 Revive me, Lord, and let me now  
     Thy promis'd Aid receive.

- 2 To thee I still declar'd my Ways,  
Who didst incline thine Ear;  
O teach me then my future Life  
By thy just Laws to steer.
  - 3 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,  
And by their Guidance walk,  
The wond'rous Works which thou hast done  
Shall be my constant Talk.
  - 4 But see, my Soul within me sinks,  
Prest down with weighty Care;  
Do thou, according to thy Word,  
My wasted Strength repair.
  - 5 So in the Way of thy Commands,  
Shall I with Pleasure run,  
And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,  
Succesfully go on.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Seventh Sunday.*

P S A L M LXII. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies,  
From whom alone my Safety flows:  
My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies,  
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
- 2 God does his saving Health dispense,  
And flowing Blessings daily send;  
He is my Fortrefs and Defence,  
On him my Soul shall still depend.
- 3 In him, ye People, always trust,  
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;  
For God the Merciful and Just,  
His timely Aid to us imparts.

B 2

4 Though

- 4 Though Mercy is his darling Grace,  
In which he chiefly takes Delight,  
Yet will he all the human Race  
According to their Works requite.

P S A L M XXV. *Southwell Tune.*

- 1 **T**O GOD, in whom I Trust,  
I lift my Heart and Voice;  
O let me not be put to Shame,  
Nor let my Foes rejoice.
- 2 Those who on thee rely  
Let no Disgrace attend;  
Be that the shameful Lot of such  
As wilfully offend.
- 3 To me thy Truth impart,  
And lead me in thy Way;  
For thou art he that brings me Help,  
On thee I wait all Day.
- 4 Thy Mercies and thy Love,  
O Lord, recall to Mind;  
And graciously continue still,  
As thou wert ever kind.
- 5 Let all my youthful Crimes  
Be blotted out by thee;  
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,  
In Mercy think on me.

S E C O N D P A R T .

- 1 **H**IS Mercy and his Truth,  
The righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wand'ring Sinners Home,  
And teaching them his Ways.

- 2 He those in Justice guides  
 Who his Direction seek ;  
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead  
 The Humble and the Meek.
- 3 Through all the Ways God  
 both Truth and Mercy shine,  
 To such as with religious Hearts  
 To his blest Will incline.

## AFTERNOON.

P S A L M XXXVI. *Ely Tune.*

1. **O** Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,  
 The highest Orb of Heav'n transcends,  
 Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope  
 Beyond the spreading Skies extends.
- 2 Thy Justice, like the Hills remains ;  
 Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;  
 Thy Providence the World sustains,  
 The whole Creation is thy Care.
- 3 Since of thy Goodness all partake,  
 With what Assurance should the Just  
 Thy sheltering Wings their Refuge make,  
 And Saints to thy Protection trust ?
- 4 With thee the Springs of Life remain,  
 Thy Presence is eternal Day ;  
 O let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;  
 To upright Hearts thy Truth display.



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M O R N I N G. *Eighth Sunday.*

P S A L M CXXI. *Cambridge Tune.*

- 1 **T**O Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,  
From thence expecting Aid;  
From Sion's Hill, and Sion's God,  
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.
- 2 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety rest,  
Thy Guardian will not sleep;  
His watchful Care that Isr'el guards  
Will Isr'el's Monarch keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath the Almighty's Wings.  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee  
By Day or Night molest.
- 4 From common Accidents of Life  
His Care shall guard thee still;  
From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foes,  
That lie in wait to kill.
- 5 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,  
Thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee through Life's Pilgrimage  
Safe to thy Journey's End.

P S A L M CXVIII. *York Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
His Mercies ne'er decay:  
That his kind Favours ever last,  
Let thankful Isr'el say.
- 2 Their Sense of his eternal Love  
Let Aaron's House express;

And

- And that it never fails, let all  
That fear the Lord confess:
- 3 To God I made my humble Moan,  
With Troubles quite oppress;  
And he releas'd me from my Straits,  
And granted my Request.
- 4 Since therefore God does on my Side  
So graciously appear,  
Why should the vain Attempts of Men  
Possess my Soul with Fear?
- 5 For better 'tis to trust in God,  
And have the Lord our Friend,  
Than on the greatest human Pow'r  
For Safety to depend.

## AFTERNOON.

P S A L M XCIII. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,  
The World's Foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast Fabrick still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!  
Which shall no Change or Period see;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art God from all Eternity.
- 3 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice  
And toss the troubled Waves on high;  
But God above can still their Noise,  
And make the angry Sea comply.
- 4 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure;  
And they that in thy House would dwell,  
That happy Station to secure,  
Must still in Holiness excel.

Morning.

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MORNING. *Ninth Sunday.*

PSALM CVIII. *Bedford Tune.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my Heart is fully bent  
To magnify thy Name ;  
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise,  
Shall celebrate thy Fame.
- 2 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height  
The highest Heav'n transcends ;  
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds  
Thy faithful Truth extends.
- 3 Be thou, O GOD, exalted high  
Above the starry Frame ;  
And let the World, with one Consent,  
Confess thy glorious Name.
- 4 That all thy chosen People thee  
Their Saviour may declare,  
Let thy Right-hand protect me still,  
And answer thou my Pray'r.

PSALM XL. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
'Till he vouchsaf'd a kind Reply ;  
Who did his gracious Ear afford,  
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal Pit,  
When founder'd deep in miry Clay ;  
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,  
And suffer'd not my Steps to stray.

3 The

- 3 The Wonders he for me has wrought  
Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;  
And others, to his Worship brought,  
To Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For Blessings shall that Man reward  
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;  
Who treats the Proud with Disregard,  
And hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.
- 5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,  
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?  
The Treasures of thy Love surmount  
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech and Thought.

## AFTERNOON.

P S A L M CXIX. *Burford Tune.*

- 1 **I** Nstruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,  
Thy righteous Paths display;  
And I from them through all my Life,  
Will never go astray.
- 2 If thou true Wisdom from above  
Wilt graciously impart,  
To keep thy perfect Laws I will  
Devote my zealous Heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred Ways  
To which thy Precepts lead;  
Because my chief Delight has been  
Thy righteous Paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just Commands  
Incline my willing Heart;  
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth  
From thee my Thoughts divert.

- 5 From those vain Objects turn my Eyes;  
Which this false World displays;  
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength  
To keep thy righteous Ways.
- 

MORNING. *Tenth Sunday.*

PSALM LXVI. *St. James's Tune.*

- 1 **L**ET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy  
To God their Voices raise;  
Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,  
And spread the glorious Praise.
- 2 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,  
In all thy Works art thou!  
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes  
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 3 Through all the Earth the Nations round  
Shall thee their God confess;  
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread  
Of thy great Name express.
- 4 O come, behold the Works of God,  
And then with me you'll own,  
That he to all the Sons of Men  
Has wond'rous Judgments shown.
- 5 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;  
His Eyes the World survey;  
Let no presumptuous Man rebel  
Against his Sov'reign Sway.



PSALM XXX. *London New Tune.*

- 1 **I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,  
Who didst thy Pow'r employ  
To raise my drooping Head, and check  
My Foes insulting Joy.
- 2 In my Distress I cry'd to thee  
Who kindly didst relieve,  
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws  
My hopeless Life retrieve.
- 3 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his  
With Songs of Praise repair,  
With me commemorate his Truth,  
And providential Care.
- 4 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
Thy Praise in grateful Verse;  
And, as thy Favours endless are,  
Thy endless Praise rehearse.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **O** God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the Place,  
Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st  
The Brightness of thy Face!
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,  
To view thy blest Abode;  
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
For thee the living God!

- 3 Thrice happy they, whose Choice hath thee  
Their sure Protection made,  
Who daily tread the sacred Paths  
That to thy Presence lead !
- 4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,  
Will Grace and Glory give ;  
And no good Thing wilt thou withhold  
From them who justly live.
- 5 Thou GOD, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,  
Are still repos'd on Thee.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Eleventh Sunday.*

P S A L M LXVI. *Stafford Tune.*

- 1 **O** Come all ye that fear the Lord,  
Attend with heedful Care ;  
Whilst I what God for me has done,  
With grateful Joy declare.
- 2 As I before his Aid implor'd,  
So now I praise his Name ;  
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,  
Wou'd all my Pray'rs disclaim.
- 3 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
His gracious Ear did bend ;  
And to the Voice of my Request  
With constant Love attend.
- 4 Then blest'd for ever be my God,  
Who never, when I pray,  
Withholds his Mercy from my Soul,  
Nor turns his Face away.

P S A L M LXXXVI. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **T** Each me thy Way, O Lord, and I  
From Truth shall ne'er depart:  
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name  
Devoutly fix my Heart.
- 2 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
Praise thee with Heart sincere;  
And to thy everlasting Name  
Eternal Trophies rear.
- 3 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me  
Transcends my Pow'r to tell,  
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul  
From lowest Depths of Hell.
- 4 And thou thy constant Goodness didst  
To my Assistance bring;  
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,  
Thou everlasting Spring!

## A F T E R N O O N.

P S A L M CXXXV. *St. Matthew's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,  
And magnify his Name;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
His worthy Praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his House,  
Attend with constant Care;  
With those that to his outmost Courts,  
With humble Zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest Int'rest is,  
Glad Hymns of Praise to sing;

And with loud Songs to bless his Name  
A most delightful Thing.

- 4 That God is great, we often have  
By glad Experience found ;  
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r  
Above all Gods is crown'd.

MORNING. *Twelfth Sunday.*

PSALM LXVII. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen Race,  
In Mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the Brightness of thy Face  
On all thy Saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wond'rous Ways  
May through the World be known ;  
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,  
And thy Salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring Nations join  
To celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
With Joy and pious Mirth,  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the Earth.
- 5 Let diff'ring Nations join  
To celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious Name.

Another.

A N O T H E R. *Winchester Tune.*

- 1 **H**A V E Mercy on us, Lord,  
And grant to us thy Grace,  
To shew to us do thou accord  
The Brightness of thy Face.
- 2 That all the Earth may know  
The Way to godly Wealth,  
And all the Nations here below  
May see thy saving Health.
- 3 Let all the World, O God,  
Give praise unto thy Name,  
And let the People all Abroad  
Extol and laud the same :
- 4 Throughout the World so wide  
Let all rejoice with Mirth,  
For thou with Truth and Right dost guide  
The Nations of the Earth.
- 5 God shall us greatly bless,  
And then both far and near  
The Folk which all the Earth possess  
Of him shall stand in Fear.

P S A L M CXLVIII. *Old 148 Tune.*

- 1 **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Fame,  
His Praise your Song employ  
Above the starry Frame;  
Your Voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
To Sing his Praise.

C 2

2 Thou



- 2 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light;  
To him your Homage pay;  
His Praise declare,  
Ye Heav'ns above,  
And Clouds that move  
In liquid Air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And Praise his holy Name,  
By whose Almighty Word,  
They all from nothing came;  
And all shall last  
From Changes free;  
His firm Decree  
Stands ever fast.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXIX. *St. Mary's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Lord, my God, my Portion thou  
And sure Possession art;  
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve  
To treasure in my Heart.
- 2 With all the Strength of warm Desires  
I did thy Grace implore;  
Disclose, according to thy Word,  
Thy Mercy's boundless Store.
- 3 To such as fear thy holy Name  
Myself I closely join,  
To all who their obedient Wills  
To thy Commands resign.
- 4 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,  
Abundantly is shed;

O make

O make me then exactly learn,  
Thy sacred Paths to tread.

---

MORNING. *Thirteenth Sunday.*

PSALM LXXXIX. *St. Luke's Tune.*

- 1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
My Song on them shall ever dwell;  
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue  
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
- 2 For thy stupendous Truth and Love  
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,  
By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
And by assembled Saints below.
- 3 What Seraph of celestial Birth  
To vie with *Isr'el's* God shall dare?  
Or who among the Gods of Earth,  
With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 4 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,  
His Saints should to his Temple press;  
His Fear through all their Hearts should spread,  
Who his Almighty Name confess.

SECOND PART. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD GOD of Armies, who can boast  
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine, renown'd?  
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,  
As that which does thy Throne surround?
- 2 Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,  
And change the prospect of the Deep:

Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows rowl,  
Thou mak'st the rowling Billows sleep.

- 3 In thee the sov'reign Right remains  
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord, alone  
The World, and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 4 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;  
Possess of absolute Command,  
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.

# AFTERNOON.

## PSALM XCVII. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **J**ehovah reigns, let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoice;  
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.
- 2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade  
His dazzling Glory shroud in State;  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And fix'd by his Pavilion wait.
- 3 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,  
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:  
He'll keep his Servants Souls intire,  
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
- 4 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,  
A future Harvest for the Just;  
And Gladness for the Heart that's right,  
To recompence his pious Trust.
- 5 Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord;  
Memorials of his Holiness,

Deep

Deep in your faithful Breasts record,  
And with your thankful Tongues confess.

---

MORNING. *Fourteenth Sunday.*

PSALM CIII. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless;  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful Thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,  
And after Sicknefs makes thee sound;  
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,  
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
And unexampled Acts of Grace;  
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,  
His willing Mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,  
Above this little Spot of Clay;  
So much his boundless Love transcends,  
The small Respects that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from East to West,  
So far has he our Sins remov'd;  
Who with a Father's tender Breast,  
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

SECOND PART. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 THE Lord, the universal King,  
In Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:

To

To him, ye Angels, Praises sing,  
In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.

- 2 Ye that his just Commands obey,  
And hear and do his sacred Will ;  
Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 3 Let every Creature jointly bless,  
The mighty Lord ; and thou my Heart  
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,  
And in this Concert bear thy Part.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heav'n and Earth adore ;  
Be Glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXIX. *Sion Tune.*

- 1 **T**O me, who am the Workmanship  
Of thy Almighty Hands,  
The heav'nly Understanding give  
To learn thy just Commands.
- 2 O let thy tender Mercy now  
Afford me needful Aid ;  
According to thy Promise, Lord,  
To me, Thy Servant, made.
- 3 To me thy saving Grace restore,  
That I again may live ;  
Whose Soul can relish no Delight  
But what thy Precepts give,
- 4 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart  
Continue always found,

That



That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,  
May never me confound.

---

M O R N I N G. *Fifteenth Sunday.*

P S A L M XCII. *Bedford Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
To thank the Lord most High!  
And with repeated Hymns of Praise,  
His Name to magnify!
- 2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,  
His Goodness to relate;  
And of his constant Truth, each Night,  
The glad Effects repeat.
- 3 For through thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,  
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;  
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
And shout with chearful Voice.

P S A L M XXIV. *Burford Tune.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
The Lord's her Fulness is;  
The World, and they that dwell therein  
By sov'reign Right are his.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,  
And his Almighty Hand  
Upon inconstant Floods has made  
The stable Fabrick stand.
- 3 But for himself this Lord of all,  
One chosen Seat design'd:

O! who

O! who shall to that sacred Hill  
Deserv'd Admittance find?

- 4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,  
Whose Thoughts from Pride are free;  
Who honest Poverty prefers  
To gainful Perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
Shall show'r his Blessings down,  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
With Righteousness to crown.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM LXXI. *Cambridge Tune.*

- 1 **I**N thee I put my stedfast Trust,  
Defend me, Lord, from Shame;  
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,  
For righteous is thy Name.
- 2 Be thou my strong abiding Place,  
To which I may resort;  
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe,  
Thou art my Rock and Fort.
- 3 Thy constant Care did safely guard  
My tender infant Days;  
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb  
To sing thy constant Praise.
- 4 Therefore, O Lord, my stedfast Hope  
Shall on thy Pow'r depend,  
And I in grateful Songs of Praise  
My Time to come will spend.

Morning.

---

MORNING. *Sixteenth Sunday.*

PSALM CIV. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **B**LESS GOD, my Soul; Thou, Lord, alone,  
Possessest Empire without Bounds;  
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne  
Eternal Majesty surrounds.
- 2 With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And Glory for a Garment take:  
Heav'n's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe  
Thy Canopy of State to make.
- 3 GOD builds on liquid Air, and forms  
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies;  
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms  
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as Flame, and swift as Wind,  
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,  
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd,  
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.

SECOND PART. *St. Luke's Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE shady Trees from scorching Beams,  
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;  
They drink, and for the bounteous Streams  
Return the Tribute of their Song.
- 2 His Rains from Heav'n parch'd Hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid Store;  
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,  
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

- 3 Grafts for our Cattle to devour,  
 He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;  
 Herbs for Man's Use of various Pow'r,  
 That either Food or Physick yield.
- 4 With clustr'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,  
 To chear Man's Heart oppress'd with Cares,  
 Gives Oil that makes his Face to shine;  
 And Corn, that wasted Strength repairs.

T H I R D P A R T. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Trees of GOD, without the Care  
 Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed:  
 The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair  
 As those in royal Gardens bred.
- 2 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms  
 The Wand'rers of the Air may rest:  
 The hospitable Pine from Harms  
 Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.
- 3 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows  
 Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;  
 Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,  
 His Hours to rise and disappear.
- 4 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,  
 The Husbandman securely goes,  
 Commencing with the Sun his Toil,  
 With him returns to his Repose.
- 5 How various, Lord, thy Works are found!  
 For which thy Wisdom we adore!  
 The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,  
 Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

FOURTH PART. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **B**UT still, the vast unfathom'd Main  
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies,  
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain  
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
- 2 These various Troops of Sea and Land,  
In Sense of common Want agree;  
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,  
And have their daily Alms from thee.
- 3 They gather what thy Stores disperse,  
Without their Trouble to provide;  
Thou op'fst thy Hand, the Universe,  
The craving World is all supply'd.
- 4 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,  
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;  
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race  
Forthwith to Mother-Earth return.

FIFTH PART. *St. Luke's Tune.*

- 1 **A** Gain thou send'st thy Spirit forth,  
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed;  
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth  
Smiles on her New created Breed.
- 2 Thus through successive Ages stands  
Firm fixt thy providential Care;  
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,  
Thou dost the Wastes of time repair.
- 3 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;  
And join Devotion to my Songs,  
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.

D

4 While



- 4 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
 My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
 Till with thy Song, the list'ning World  
 Join Concert, and his Praise proclaim.

PSALM XCIII. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
 The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,  
 The World's Foundations strongly laid,  
 And the vast Fabrick still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!  
 Which shall no Change or Period see;  
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
 Art God from all Eternity.
- 3 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice  
 And toss the troubled Waves on high;  
 But God above can still their Noise,  
 And make the angry Sea comply.
- 4 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure;  
 And they that in thy House would dwell,  
 That happy Station to secure,  
 Must still in Holiness excel.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXIX. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Love that to thy Laws I bear,  
 No Language can display;  
 They with fresh Wonders entertain  
 My ravish'd Thoughts all Day.
- 2 How sweet are all thy Words to me!  
 O what divine Repast!

How

How much more grateful to my Soul  
Than Honey to my Taste!

- 3 Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I  
With heav'nly Skill am blest;  
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin  
I utterly detest.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore;  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

MORNING. *Seventeenth Sunday.*

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest Search hast known  
My rising up, and lying down;  
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,  
My public Haunts and Private Ways;  
Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.  
O Skill, for human Reach too high!  
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
- 4 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,  
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;  
Through mid-night Shades thou find'st thy way  
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

SECOND PART. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **T**HOU know'st the Texture of my Heart,  
My Reins, and ev'ry vital Part,  
Each single Thread in Nature's Loom,  
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
- 2 I'll praise thee, from whose Hands I came,  
A Work of such a curious Frame;  
The Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My Soul with grateful Joy must own.
- 3 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since this Maze of Life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount,  
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
- 4 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,  
If Mischief lurks in any Part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

## AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXXX. *Southwell Tune.*

- 1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe,  
To GOD I sent my Cry:  
Lord! hear my supplicating Voice,  
And graciously reply.
- 2 Shouldst thou severely judge  
Who can the Trial bear?  
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy Fear.
- 3 My Soul with Patience waits  
For thee the living Lord;

My

- My Hopes are on thy Promise built,  
Thy never-failing Word.
- 4 My longing Eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning Ray;  
More duly than the Morning Watch  
To 'spy the dawning Day.
- 5 Let *I/r'el* trust in God,  
No Bounds his Mercy knows;  
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence  
Eternal Succour flows.
- 6 Whose friendly Streams to us  
Supplies in Want convey;  
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse  
And wash our Guilt away.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Eighteenth Sunday.*

P S A L M CXLVI. *Stafford Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou my Soul,  
for ever blest his Name!  
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,  
My constant Praise shall claim.
- 2 Happy the Man, who *Jacob's* God  
For his Protector takes;  
Who still with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord,  
His constant Refuge makes.
- 3 The Lord who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his steadfast Truth,  
Nor make his Promise vain.
- 4 By him the Blind receives their Sight,  
The Weak and Fall'n he rears;

With kind Regard and tender Love  
He for the Righteous cares.

- 5 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,  
Is our eternal King ;  
From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
Let all his Praises sing.

P S A L M XCV. *St. Luke's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,  
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King ;  
For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his Prefence let us haste,  
To thank him for his Favours past ;  
To him address in joyful Songs,  
The Praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord enthron'd in State,  
Is with unrival'd Glory, great ;  
He is our God, our Shepherd he,  
His Flock and Pasture-Sheep are we :
- 4 Then let us to his Courts repair,  
And bow with Adoration there,  
Down on our Knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

A F T E R N O O N .

P S A L M XCVIII. *St. Matthew's Tune.*

- 1 **S** I N G to the Lord a new made Song,  
Who wond'rous Things has done ;  
With his Right-hand and holy Arm,  
The Conquest he has won.

2 The



- 2 The Lord has thro' the astonish'd World,  
Display'd his saving Might,  
And made his righteous Acts appear  
In all the *Heathen's* Sight.
- 3 Of *Isr'el's* House his Love and Truth  
Have ever mindful been ;  
Wide Earth's remotest Parts, the Pow'r  
Of *Isr'el's* God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants  
Their chearful Voices raise,  
And all with universal Joy,  
Resound their Maker's Praise.
- 

M O R N I N G. *Nineteenth Sunday.*

P S A L M XLV. *Winchester Tune.*

- 1 **M**Y Heart doth take in hand,  
Some godly Song to sing ;  
The Praise that I shall shew therein,  
Pertaineth to the King.
- 2 O fairest of all Men,  
Thy Lips with Grace are pure ;  
For God hath blessed thee with Gifts  
For ever to endure :
- 3 About thee gird thy Sword,  
O Prince of Might elect :  
With Honour, Glory, and Renown,  
Thou art most richly deck'd :
- 4 Go forth with godly Speed,  
With Meekness, Truth, and Right ;  
And thy Right-hand shall thee instruct  
In Works of dreadful Might.

5 Thy

- 5 Thy royal Seat, O Lord,  
For ever shall remain ;  
Because the Scepter of thy Realm  
Doth Righteousness maintain.
- 6 Wherefore thy holy Name  
All Ages shall record,  
The People shall give Thanks to thee  
For evermore, O Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Old 148 Tune.*

- 1 **T**O God the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful Thanks repeat,  
To him due Praise afford  
As good as he is great :  
For God does prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.
- 2 He in our Depth of Woes,  
On us with Favour thought ;  
And from our cruel Foes  
In Peace and Safety brought,  
For God, &c.
- 3 He does the Food supply,  
On which all Creatures live,  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal Praises give.  
For God will prove  
Our constant Friend :  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.
- 4 To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever blest,

Eternal

Eternal Three in One,  
All Worship be addrest,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Old 81st Tune.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole Heart, my God and King,  
Thy Praise I will proclaim;  
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,  
And blest thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat,  
And with thy Love inspir'd,  
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,  
O'er all thy Works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine Ear,  
When I to thee did cry:  
And when my Soul was prest with Fear,  
Didst inward Strength supply.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore;  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

---

MORNING. *Twentieth Sunday.*

PSALM CXXXIV. *London New Tune.*

- 1 **B**LESS God, ye Servants that attend  
Upon his solemn State ;  
That in his Temple Night by Night,  
With humble Rev'rence wait,
- 2 Within his House lift up your Hands,  
And blefs his holy Name ;  
From *Sion* blefs thy *Iſr'el* Lord,  
Who Heav'n and Earth didſt frame.

PSALM CXLV. *St. David's Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord does them ſupport that fall,  
And makes the Proſtrate riſe ;  
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,  
Who timely Food ſupplies.
- 2 Whate'er their various Wants require  
With open Hand he gives :  
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire  
Of ev'ry Thing that lives.
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how juſt !  
How righteous all his Ways !  
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,  
For his Aſſiſtance prays !
- 4 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe  
Who him with Fear adore :  
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,  
When they his Aid implore.

- 5 My Time to come, in Praises spent,  
Shall still advance his Fame,  
And all Mankind with one Consent,  
For ever blefs his Name.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXXXIII. *St. Matthew's Tune.*

- 1 **H**OW vast must their Advantage be?  
How great their Pleasure prove?  
Who live like Brethren, and consent  
In Offices of Love.
- 2 True Love is like that precious Oil  
Which pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,  
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes,  
Its costly Moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does  
On *Hermon's* Top distil;  
Or like the early Drops that fall  
On *Sion's* fruitful Hill.
- 4 For *Sion* is the chosen Seat,  
Where the Almighty King  
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,  
And Life's eternal Spring.



---

MORNING. *Twenty-first Sunday.*

PSALM C. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **A**LL People that on Earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with chearful Voice;  
Him serve with Fear, his Praise forthtell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The



- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,  
Without our Aid he did us make;  
We are his Flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his Sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his Gates with Praise,  
Approach with Joy his Courts, unto;  
Praise, laud, and blefs his Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good,  
His Mercy is for ever sure;  
His Truth at all Times firmly stood,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.

P S A L M CIV. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul praise the Lord,  
Speak good of his Name;  
O Lord our great God,  
How dost thou appear!  
So passing in Glory,  
That great is thy Fame,  
Honour and Majesty  
In thee shine most clear.
- 2 With Light as a Robe  
Thou hast thyself clad,  
Whereby all the Earth  
Thy Greatness may see:  
The Heavens in such sort  
Thou also hast spread,  
That they to a Curtain  
Compared may be.
- 3 How fundry, O Lord,  
Are all thy Works found?  
With Wisdom full great  
They are indeed wrought;

So that the whole World  
Of thy Praise doth sound,  
And as for thy Riches,  
They pass all Mens Thought.

- 4 To this Lord and God  
will I sing always ;  
So long as I live  
My God praise will I :  
Then am I most certain,  
My Words shall him please ;  
I will rejoice in him,  
To him I will cry.
- 5 By Angels in Heav'n  
Of ev'ry Degree,  
And Saints upon Earth,  
All Praise be addrest  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blest ;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.

## AFTERNOON.

PSALM CVI. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **O** Render Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love ;  
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast but numberless ?  
What mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they  
Who from thy Judgments never stray,

Who know what's right, nor only so,  
But always practice what they know,

- 4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford ;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy Salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove, to see  
Thy Saints in full Prosperity !  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

MORNING. *Twenty-first Sunday.*

PSALM CXLVII. *St. Matthew's Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,  
And celebrate his Fame :  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
To praise his holy Name.
- 2 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,  
And all their Wounds doth close ;  
He tells the Number of the Stars,  
Their sev'ral Names he knows.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,  
His Wisdom has no Bound ;  
The Meek he raises, and throws down  
The Wicked to the Ground.
- 4 To him that fears his holy Name,  
His tender Love extends ;  
To him that on his boundless Grace  
With stedfast Hope depends.

P S A L M C V. *Old 81st Tune.*

- 1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,  
Invoke his sacred Name :  
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,  
His matchless Deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his Praise in lofty Hymns,  
His wond'rous Works rehearse ;  
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,  
And Subject of your Verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,  
Alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,  
That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And, where he's ever present, seek  
His Face for evermore.

## A F T E R N O O N .

P S A L M C X I X. *Old 119th Tune.*

- 1 **T** H Y Word be to my Feet a Lamp,  
The Way of Truth to show ;  
A Watch-light to point out the Path,  
In which I ought to go.
- 2 And let my Sacrifice of Praise  
With thee Acceptance find,  
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
Instruct my willing Mind.
- 3 Thy Testimonies I have made  
My Heritage and Choice ;

For they, when other Comforts fail,  
My drooping Heart rejoice.

- 4 My Heart with early Zeal began,  
Thy Statutes to obey;  
And till my Course of Life is done,  
Shall keep thy upright Way.

M O R N I N G. *Twenty-third Sunday.*

P S A L M CXIX. *Sion Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Wonders which thy Laws contain  
No Words can represent,  
Therefore to learn and practise them  
My zealous Heart is bent.
- 2 The very Entrance to thy Word  
Celestial Light displays;  
And Knowledge of true Happiness  
To simplest Minds conveys.
- 3 Directed by thy Heav'nly Word  
Let all my Footsteps be;  
Nor Wickedness of any Kind  
Dominion have o'er me.
- 4 On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
Lord make thy Face to shine,  
Thy Statutes both to know and keep  
My Heart with Zeal incline.

P S A L M CXLIII. *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry  
Thy wonted Audience lend:  
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth  
A gracious Answer send.

2 Nor



- 2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring  
Thy Servant to be try'd;  
For in thy Sight no living Man  
Can e'er be justify'd.
- 3 To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r  
I fervently stretch out;  
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,  
Like Land oppress'd with Drought.
- 4 Thy Kindness early let me hear,  
Whose Trust on thee depends;  
Teach me the Way where I should go,  
My Soul to thee ascends.
- 5 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will  
Instruct me to obey:  
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep  
My Soul in thy right Way.

## AFTERNOON.

PSALM CXIX. *St. Ann's Tune.*

- 1 **T**O my Request and earnest Cry  
Attend, O gracious Lord;  
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,  
According to thy Word.
- 2 Let my repeated Pray'r at last  
Before thy Throne appear;  
According to thy plighted Word  
For my Relief draw near.
- 3 Then shall my grateful Lips return  
The Tribute of their Praise,  
When thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,  
And taught me thy just Ways.
- 4 My Tongue the Praises of thy Word  
Shall thankfully resound,

Because thy Promises are all  
With Truth and Justice crown'd.

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MORNING. *Twenty-fourth Sunday.*

PSALM CXVII. *St. James's Tune.*

- 1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth  
To Heav'n their Voices raise,  
Let all inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
Sing solemn Hymns of Praise.
- 2 GOD's tender Mercy knows no Bound,  
His Truth shall ne'er decay :  
Then let the willing Nations round  
Their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXXVIII. *St. Mary's Tune.*

- 1 THE Man is blest who fears the Lord,  
Nor only Worship pays ;  
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,  
To his appointed Ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet Returns  
Of his own Labour feed :  
Without Dependance live, and see  
His Wishes all succeed.
- 3 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus,  
Him *Sion's* GOD shall bless ;  
And grant him all his Days to see  
*Jerusalem's* Success.
- 4 He shall live on, till Heirs from him  
Descend with vast Increase :

Much

Much blest in his own prosp'rous State,  
And more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

AFTERNOON.

PSALM XVIII. *Old 100 Tune.*

- 1 **T**HOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways  
To various Paths of Human-kind;  
They, who for Mercy seek thy Praise,  
With thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the Just shall Justice shew,  
The Pure thy Purity shall see:  
Such as perversly chuse to go,  
Shall meet with due Returns from thee.
- 3 For GOD's Designs shall still succeed;  
His Word will bear the utmost Test;  
He's a strong Shield to all that need,  
And on his sure Protection rest.
- 4 Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
But GOD, on whom my Hopes depend?  
Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
Can with resistless Pow'r defend?

MORNING. *Twenty-fifth Sunday.*

PSALM CLXV. *Bedford Tune.*

- 1 **T**HEE I'll extol my God and King,  
Thy endless Praise proclaim;  
This Tribute daily I will bring,  
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,  
And highly to be prais'd ;  
Thy Majesty with boundless Height,  
Above our Knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame  
To future Times extends ;  
from Age to Age, thy glorious Name  
Successively descends.
- 4 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown  
And wond'rous Works exprefs !  
The World with me thy Might shall own,  
And thy great Pow'r confefs.
- 5 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,  
They shall with Joy proclaim ;  
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
Shall be the constant Theme.

## SECOND PART. *Burford Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace.  
His Pity still supplies :  
His Anger moves with slowest Pace ;  
His willing Mercy flies.
- 2 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame  
To all thy Works exprest ;  
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name,  
Is by thy Servants blest.
- 3 They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,  
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;  
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,  
Their lofty Subject make.
- 4 God's glorious Works of antient Date,  
Shall thus to all be known ;

And

And thus his Kingdom's royal State,  
With public Splendor shown.

- 5 His stedfast Throne from Changes free,  
Shall stand for ever fast ;  
His boundless Sway no end shall see,  
But Time itself out-last.

P S A L M CXLVI. *Stafford Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou my Soul,  
For ever bless his Name !  
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,  
My constant Praise shall claim.
- 2 Happy the Man, who *Jacob's* God  
For his Protector takes ;  
Who still with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord,  
His constant Refuge makes.
- 3 The Lord who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,  
Nor make his Promise vain.
- 4 By him the Blind receives their Sight,  
The Weak and Fall'n he rears ;  
With kind Regard and tender Love  
He for the Righteous cares.
- 5 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,  
Is our eternal King ;  
From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
Let all his Praises sing,



## AFTERNOON.

P S A L M XC. *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **O** LORD, the Saviour and Defence  
Of us thy chosen Race.  
From Age to Age thou still hast been  
Our sure abiding Place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,  
Or th' Earth and World didst frame;  
Thou always wert the mighty GOD,  
And ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,  
Of which he first was made;  
And when thou speak'st the Word, Return,  
'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years  
Are like a Day that's past,  
Or like a Watch in dead of Night,  
Whose Hours unminded waste.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain Sum,  
Of our short Days to Mind,  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts,  
May ever be inclin'd.

MORNING. *Twenty-sixth Sunday.*P S A L M CXLVIII. *Proper Tune.*

- 1 **L**ET all of Royal Birth,  
With those of humbler Frame;

And

And Judges of the Earth,  
 His matchless Praise proclaim.  
 In this Design  
 Let Youths with Maids,  
 And hoary Heads  
 With Children join.

- 2 United Zeal be shown,  
 His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
 Whose glorious Name alone  
 Deserves our endless Praise.  
 Earth's utmost Ends  
 His Pow'r obey :  
 His glorious Sway  
 The Sky transcends.

- 3 His chosen Saints to grace,  
 He sets them up on high,  
 And favours *Isr'el's* Race  
 Who still to him are nigh.  
 O therefore raise  
 Your grateful Voice,  
 And still rejoice  
 The Lord to Praise.

P S A L M CL. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place,  
 From whence his Goodness largely flows;  
 Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts  
 Which he in our Behalf has done;  
 His Kindness this Return exacts,  
 With which our Praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice  
 Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;

Praise

Praise him with Harps melodious Noife,  
And gentle Psalt'ry's silver Sound.

- 4 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,  
The Breath he does to them afford,  
In just Returns of Praise employ ;  
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord !
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The GOD whom Heav'n and Earth adore ;  
Be Glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

P S A L M XIX. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD what frail Man observes how oft  
He does from Virtue fall ?  
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
Thou GOD that know'st them all.
- 2 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,  
Dominion have o'er me ;  
That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may  
The great Transgression flee.
- 3 So shall my Pray'r and Praises be  
With thy Acceptance blest ;  
And I secure on thy Defence,  
My Strength and Saviour, rest.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore ;  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

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P S A L M S  
F O R  
P A R T I C U L A R O C C A S I O N S .

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*On Christmas-day.*

P S A L M CXVIII. *Bedford Tune.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the Day the Lord hath made,  
We will rejoice therein ;  
Our Acclamations let us join,  
And loud Hosanna's sing.
- 2 Blest Saviour ! who from God to us  
On this kind Errand came ;  
We welcome Thee ; and bless all those  
That spread thy glorious Fame.
- 3 Thou Lord hath mercifully shin'd  
On us with Light and Grace ;  
And at thine Altar we'll present  
The Sacrifice of Praise.
- 4 Thou art our God, our joyful Tongues  
Shall ever sing thy Praise ;  
Thou art our King, and we on high  
Thy glorious Name will raise.

SECOND PART. *Old 81st Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is our Defence and Strength,  
Our Joy, our Mirth, and Song;  
And is become for us indeed,  
A Saviour great and strong.
- 2 This was the mighty Work of God,  
It was the Lord's own Fact;  
And it is wond'rous to behold  
That great and noble Act.
- 3 This is the joyful Day indeed,  
Which God himself hath wrought;  
Let us be glad and joy therein  
In Heart, in Mind, in Thought.
- 4 O let us then, give Thanks to God,  
Who still does Gracious prove;  
And let the Tribute of our Praise  
Be endless as his Love.

*On Good-friday.*PSALM LXXXVI. *Windsor Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD, bow thine Ear to my Request,  
And hear me speedily;  
For with great Pain and Grief oppress'd,  
Full poor and weak am I.
- 2 Preserve my Soul, because my Ways  
And Doings holy be;  
And save thy Servant, O my God,  
Who puts his Trust in thee.



- 3 Comfort thy Servant's Soul, I pray,  
That now with Pain is pin'd;  
For unto thee I do alway  
Lift up my Soul and Mind.
- 4 O Turn to me and Mercy show,  
Thy Strength to me apply;  
O help and save thy Servant now  
In this Extremity.
- 5 For why? with Woe my Heart is fill'd,  
And doth in Trouble dwell,  
My Life and Breath doth almost yeild,  
And draweth nigh to Hell.

## SECOND PART.

P S A L M XVI: *Manchester Tune.*

- 1 **L**ORD, all my Ways I strive t'approve  
To thy all-seeing Eye,  
Nor Danger can my Trust remove,  
Since thou art ever nigh.
- 2 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies;  
My Spirit shall rejoice:  
My Flesh shall rest in Hope to rise  
Wak'd by thy pow'rful Voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath  
My Soul from Hell shalt free,  
Nor let thy holy One in Death  
The least Corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,  
That to thy Presence lead,  
Where Pleasures dwell without allay,  
And Joys that never fade.

*On Easter-funday.*P S A L M CXVIII. *St. Ann's Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, is my Defence and Strength,  
My Joy, my Mirth, and Song;  
And is become for me indeed.  
A Saviour great and strong.
- 2 The Right-hand of the Lord doth bring,  
Most mighty Things to pass;  
His Hand hath the Pre-eminence,  
His Force is as it was.
- 3 I shall not die, but ever live  
To utter and declare  
The mighty Power of the Lord,  
His Works and what they are.
- 4 Set open unto me the Gates  
Of Truth and Righteousness;  
That I may enter into them,  
His Praise for to express.
- 5 This is the Gate ev'n of the Lord,  
Which open shall be set;  
That good and righteous Men always  
May enter into it.

*On the Ascension of our Lord.*P S A L M XLVII. *Stafford Tune.*

- 1 **Y**E People all with one Accord,  
Clap Hands, shout, and rejoice;  
Be glad and sing unto the Lord,  
With sweet and pleasant Voice.

- 2 Our GOD ascended up on High  
With Joy and pleasant Noise;  
The Lord goes up above the Sky  
With Trumpets royal Voice.
- 3 Sing Praises to our GOD, sing Praise,  
Sing Praises to our King;  
For GOD is King of all the Earth,  
All skilful Praises sing.

SECOND PART: *Ely Tune.*

1. **A** Scending high, in Triumph thou  
Captivity hast captive led,  
And all GOD's Gifts for Men below  
Are giv'n to thee, their living Head.
- 2 Man, rebel Man partakes thy Grace:  
Now ev'n thy Foes thy Favour share,  
GOD in their Hearts a Dwelling-place  
Hath found, and fixt his Presence there.
- 3 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,  
Be daily thy great Name ador'd;  
Who art our Saviour and our GOD,  
Of Life and Death the sov'reign Lord:
- 4 Who mounted on the loftiest Sphere  
Of antient Heav'n sublimely rides;  
From whence his mighty Voice we hear,  
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
- 5 Ascribe ye Pow'r to GOD most high;  
Of humble *Isr'el* he takes Care,  
Whose Strength from out the dusky Sky,  
Darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.
- 6 How dreadful are the sacred Courts,  
Where thou hast fix'd thy earthly Throne!

Thy Strength thy feeble Saints supports :  
To God give Praise, and him alone.

*On Whit-sunday.*

VENI CREATOR. *St. Matthew's Tune.*

- 1 **C**OME Holy Ghost eternal God,  
Proceeding from Above,  
Both from the Father and the Son,  
The God of Peace and Love.
- 2 Visit our Minds, and into us  
Thy heav'nly Grace inspire,  
That for all Truth and Godliness  
We may have true Desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter  
In all Grief and Distress;  
The heav'nly Gift of God most high,  
Which no Tongue can express:
- 4 The Fountain and the living Spring  
Of joy celestial;  
The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,  
And Unction spirit'al.
- 5 Thou in thy Gifts art manifold,  
Whereby Christ's Church doth stand;  
In faithful Hearts writing thy Law,  
The Finger of God's Hand.
- 6 According to thy Promise made,  
Thou givest Speech with Grace;  
That thro' thy Help God's Praises may  
Resound in ev'ry Place.

SECOND PART. *Stafford Tune.*

- 7 **O** Holy Ghost, into our Souls  
 Send down thy heav'nly Light ;  
 In flame our Hearts with fervent Love  
 To serve GOD Day and Night.
- 8 Our Weakness strengthen and confirm,  
 Which feeble is and frail,  
 That neither Devil, World, nor Flesh.  
 Against us may prevail.
- 9 Our Enemies put far from us,  
 And help us to obtain  
 Peace in our Hearts with GOD and Man,  
 The best and truest Gain :
- 10 And grant, O Lord, that thou, being  
 Our Leader and our Guide,  
 We may escape the Snares of Sin,  
 And never from thee slide.

*For Charity Sermons.*P S A L M XXXIV. *St. Ann's Tune.*

- 1 **C**OME near to me my Children, and  
 Unto my Words give ear ;  
 I will you teach the perfect Way,  
 How ye the Lord shall fear.
- 2 Turn back thy Face from doing Ill,  
 And do the godly Deed ;  
 Enquire for Peace and Quietness,  
 And follow it with Speed.
- 3 For why ? the Eyes of God above  
 Upon the Just are bent,

His



His Ears likewise to hear the Cry,  
Of the poor Innocent.

- 4 For they that fear the Living LORD,  
Are ever safe and sound ;  
And as for those that trust in him,  
Nothing shall them confound.

P S A L M LXI. *Canterbury Tune.*

- 1 **H**APPY the Man whose tender Care  
Relieves the poor Distrest ;  
When Troubles compass him around,  
The Lord shall give him Rest :
- 2 The Lord his Life with Blessings crown'd,  
In Safety shall prolong ;  
And disappoint the Will of those  
That seek to do him Wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing Estate  
Opprest with Sickneſs lie,  
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,  
And inward Strength ſupply :
- 4 Thy tender Care ſecures his Life  
From Danger and Diſgrace ;  
And thou vouchsaf'ſt to ſet him ſtill  
Before thy glorious Face.
- 5 Let therefore *Iſ'el's* Lord and GOD  
From Age to Age be bleſs'd ;  
And all the People's glad Applauſe  
With loud Amens expreſs'd.

*On the Coronation of the King.*

P S A L M XXI. *Bedford Tune.*

- 1 **T**H E King, O LORD, with Songs of Praise  
Shall in thy Strength rejoice ;  
With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise  
To Heav'n his chearful Voice.
- 2 Thou did'st prevent him with thy Gifts  
And Blessings manifold ;  
And Thou hast set upon his Head  
A Crown of perfect Gold :
- 3 Great is his Glory by thy Help,  
Thy Benefit and Aid :  
Great Worship and great Honour both,  
Thou hast upon him laid.
- 4 O give to him Felicity  
That never shall decay ;  
And with thy chearful Countenance  
Lord comfort him alway.

*Thanksgiving after Rain.*

P S A L M LXV. *Ely Tune.*

- 1 **F**R O M out the unexhausted Store  
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground ;  
Makes Lands that barren were before,  
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.
- 2 On rising Ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills ;  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs.  
In which a blest Increase distils.

- 3 Thy Goodness does the circling Year  
 With fresh Returns of Plenty crown;  
 And where thy glorious Paths appear,  
 Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down :
- 4 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd  
 By them to Pastures fresh and green :  
 The Hills about in Order rang'd  
 In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
- 5 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn  
 The chearful Downs ; the Valleys bring  
 A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,  
 And seem with Joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LI. *Southwell Tune.*

- 1 **H**AVE Mercy on me, Lord,  
 As thou wert ever kind !  
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
 Thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2 Wash out my foul Offence,  
 And cleanse me from my Sin ;  
 For I confess my Crimes, and see  
 How great my Guilt has been.
- 3 Against Thee have I sinn'd,  
 O Lord, yea in thy Sight  
 Have I transgress'd ; and tho' condemn'd,  
 Must own thy Judgment right.
- 4 In Guilt each Part was form'd  
 Of all this sinful Frame ;  
 In Guilt was I conceiv'd, and born  
 The Heir of Sin and Shame.
- 5 With *Hysop* purge me, Lord,  
 And so I clean shall be ;

I shall with Snow in Whiteness vie,  
When purify'd by thee.

- 6 Make me to hear with Joy  
Thy kind, forgiving Voice;  
That so the Bones which thou hast broke  
May with fresh Strength rejoice.

## SECOND PART.

- 1 **B** LOT out my crying Sins,  
Nor me in Anger view;  
Create in me a Heart that's clean,  
An upright Mind renew.
- 2 Withdraw not thou thy Help,  
Nor cast me from thy Sight,  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
Its everlasting Flight.
- 3 The Joy thy Favour gives,  
Let me again obtain:  
With thy free Spirit's firm Support  
My fainting Soul sustain.
- 4 My Weight of Guilt remove,  
My Saviour and my God;  
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell  
Thy gracious Acts abroad.
- 5 Do Thou unlock my Lips,  
With Sorrow clos'd and Shame;  
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise  
To all the World proclaim.

P S A L M XVIII. *Oxford Tune.*

- 1 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock  
My firm Affection, Lord, to thee;  
For thou hast always been my Rock,  
A Fortrefs and Defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,  
My Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;  
Thou art my Shield from Foes Abroad,  
At Home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.
- 3 To Thee will I address my Pray'r,  
(To whom all Praise we justly owe;)   
So shall I, by thy watchful Care,  
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
- 4 By Floods of Pain and Fear distressed,  
With Seas of Sorrow compass'd round,  
With Sin's infernal Pangs oppress'd,  
In Death's unwieldy Fetters bound :
- 5 To Heav'n I made my mournful Prayer,  
To God address'd my humble Moan;  
Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,  
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

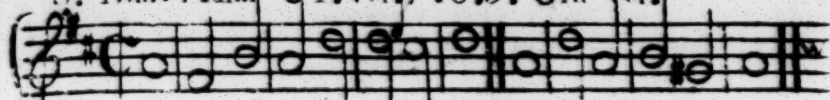


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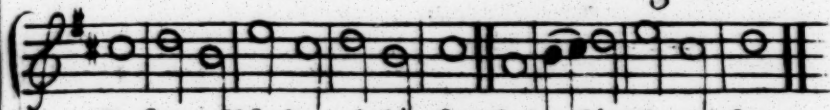
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St. Ann. Psalm 34. Ver. 7. 8. 9. Old Ver.



The Angel of the Lord doth pitch his tents in every place,



To save all such as do him fear, that nothing them deface,



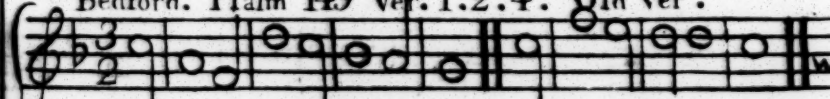
Taste and consider well therefore, That God is good and just:

O happy Man that maketh him His only stay and trust,

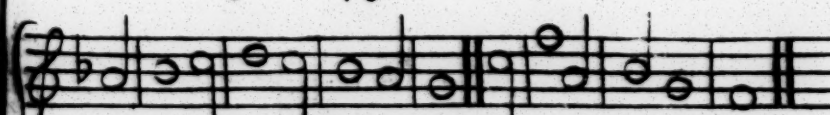
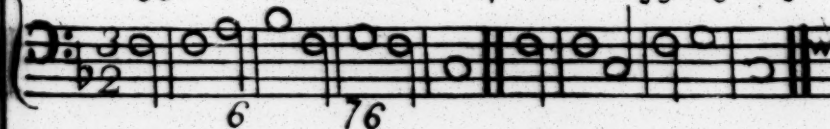
O fear the Lord, all ye his Saints, Who is a mighty King

For they that fear the living Lord, Are sure to lack nothing.

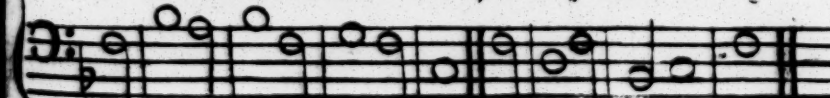
Bedford. Psalm 149 Ver. 1. 2. 4. Old Ver.



Sing ye un. to the Lord our God, A new rejoicing Song:



And let the Praise of him be heard, his holy Saints among



Let Israel rejoyce in God, And praises to him sing:

And let the seed of Sion be, Most joyful in their King.

For why? the Lord his pleasure all, Hath in his people set:

And by deliv'rance he will raise, The Meek to Glory set.

## Burford. Psalm 18. Ver. 1. 2. 3. Old Ver.

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity

- 2 My God, my rock in whom I trust, The worker of my wealth,  
My refuge buckler and my shield The horn of all my health,  
3 When I sing laud unto the Lord Most worthy to be serv'd,  
Then from my foes I am right sure That I shall be preserv'd.

## Canterbury. Psalm 23. Ver. 1. 2. 3. Old Ver.

The Lord is only my support and he that doth me

How can I then lack a - ny thing whereof I stand in

- 2 In pastures green he feedeth me Where I do safely lie.  
And after leads me to the streams Which run most pleasantly  
3 And when I find myself near lost Then doth he me home  
Conducting me in his right paths Evn for his own Name's sake

Cambridge. Psalm 2. Ver. 1. 2. 3. Old Ver.

Why did y Gentiles tumults raise what rage was in their bñ in

5 6 6 # 6 5 3 # 3

Why do y People still contrive a thing that is but vain

- 2 The Kings and rulers of the earth Conspire and are all bent  
Against the L<sup>d</sup> and Christ his Son Which he among us sent.  
3 Shall we be bound to them say they Let all their bonds be broke:  
And of their doctrine and their Law Let us reject the yoke.

St. David. Psalm 95. Ver. 1. 2. 7. Old Ver.

O come let us lift up our Voice and sing un to the Lord

6 6 6

In him our k of h<sup>th</sup> rejoyce let us with one accord.

- 2 Yea let us come before his face To give him thanks and Praise  
In singing Psalms unto his grace Let us be glad always .

- 7 For why? he is the Lord our God For us he doth provide  
We are his flock he doth us feed His Sheep and he our guide.

Ely. Psalm 57. Ver. 7. 9. New Ver.

O God, my Heart is fixt, is bent Its thankful tribute to present,

6 6 43

And w<sup>th</sup> my Heart, my Voice I'll raise, To thee my G<sup>d</sup> in Songs of Praise.

6 6

9. Thy Praises Lord I will resound, To all the liſſaing Nations round;  
Thy mercy highest Heav'n transcends, Thy Truth beyond y<sup>e</sup> Clouds extends.  
Bethou O God exalted high, And as thy Glory fills the Sky:  
So let it be on Earth display'd, Till thou art here as there obey'd.

St. James. Psalm 19. Ver. 1. 2. 3. Old Ver.

The heav'n's & firmament on high do wondrously declare,

5 8 6 7 # 6 #

Gods glory and omni-potence, his works and what they are.

6 6 5 6 6 7

2 The wondrous works of God appear by ev'ry days success:  
The nights likewise, which their race run, the self-same thing express.  
3 There is no language, tongue or speech, where their sound is not heard,  
In all the earth and coasts thereof their knowledge is conferr'd.



London Old Psalm 119. Ver. 33. 34. 35. Old Ver.

Instruct me I.d. in the right way of thy statutes divine

And them to keep unto the end my heart I will incline .

Grant me the knowledge of thy law, and I shall it obey:

With heart and mind, and all my might, I will it keep alway .

35. in the right paths of thy commands, guide me, Lord I require :

No other Pleasure do I wish, nor greater thing desire .

London New . Psalm 150. Ver. 1. 2. 5. Old Ver .

Yield unto God the mighty I.d. Praise in his ho - li - ness

And in the firmament of his great pow'r Praise him no less .

2 Advance his Name, and Praise him in his mighty acts always :  
According to his excellence and greatness give him Praise .  
5 Whatever hath the benefit of breathing, Praise the Lord:  
To Praise his great and holy Name , agree with one accord .



0  
St. Marys. Psalm 8 . Ver. 1 . 2 . 8 . Old Ver .

O God our Ld how wonderful are thy wks ev'ry where

Thy fame surm<sup>ts</sup> in digni-ty above the heavens clear

2 Even by the mouth of sucking babes Thou wilt confound thy foes  
For in those babes thy might is seen Thy graces they disclose .  
8 O God our Lord how excellent Is thy most glorious Name  
In all the earth : therefore we do Praise and adore the same .

Manchester . Psalm 102 . Ver. 1 . 2 . 9 . Old Ver .

Hear thou my Prayr O Ld and let my cry come unto thee

In time of trouble do not hide thy face away from me .

2 Incline thy ear to me make haste To hear me when I call  
For as the smoke doth fade so do My days consume and fall .

9 The days wherein I pass my Life Are like the fleeting shade  
And I am wither'd like the grass That soon away doth fade .

St. Matthews. Psalm 9. Ver. 1. 2. 8. 9. New Ver.

To celebrate thy Praise O Lord, I will my Heart prepare

To all the lifting world thy w's. Thy wondrous w's declare.

The Tho't of them shall to my soul exalted pleasure bring

Whilst to thy Name O thou most High Triumphant Praise I Sing.

8 The Lord for ever lives who has His righteous Throne prepar'd  
Impartial Justice to dispence To punish or reward.

9 God is a constant sure defence Against oppressing Rage.  
As Troubles rise his needful Aids In our behalf engage.

Oxford. Psalm. 18. V. 1, 2. New Ver.

No change of Tunes shall ever Shuck My Firm Affection! to Thee.

For Thou hast always been my Rock, A Fortrefs and defence to me.

2. Thou my Deliverer art my God, My trust is in thy mighty Pow'r:  
Thou art my Shield from Foes abro! At home my safeguard & my Tow'r.  
Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd, The Rock on whose defence I rest:  
O'er highest Heav'n his Name be rais'd, Who me with his Salvation blest.

Southwell Psalm. 25. Ver. 5. 6. 7. Old Ver.

Thy Mercies manifold, remember, Lord, I pray;

In pity thou art plentiful and so hast been alway.

6 Remember not the faults, And frailties of my Youth;  
Call not to mind how ignorant, I have been of thy Truth.  
7 Nor after my deserts, let me thy mercy find:  
But of thy own benignity, Lord, have me in thy Mind.

Stafford . Psalm 46. Ver. 1. 7. 11. Old Ver .

The Lord is our defence & Aid, the str.<sup>th</sup> whereby we stand,

When we w.<sup>th</sup> woe are m.<sup>ch</sup> dismay'd, he is our help at hand.

7. The Lord of hosts doth take our part, to us he hath an Eye ;  
 Our hope of health with all our heart, on Jacobs God doth lie.  
 11. The Lord of hosts doth us defend, he is our strength & tow'r  
 On Jacobs God we do depend, and on his mightv pow'r .

Southampton, Psalm 40. Ver. 1 . 2 . 3. Old Ver .

I waited long and sought <sup>e</sup> Lord, and patiently did bear.

At length to me he did accord my Voice and cry to hear.

2. He brought me from the dreadful pit out of the mire and clay  
 Upon a rock he set my feet, and he did guide my way  
 3. To me he taught a Psalm of Praise, which I must shew abroad,  
 And sing new Songs of thanks alway, unto the Lord our God .



Winchester. Psalm 45. Ver. 1. 3. 7. Old Ver.

My heart doth take in hand, some godly Song to sing;

the praise that I shall shew therein, pertaineth to the King.

3. O fairest of all men, thy lips with grace are pure:  
For God hath blessed thee w<sup>th</sup> gifts, for ever to endure .

7. Thy royal seat, O Lord, for ever shall remain ;  
Because the scepter of thy realm, doth righteousness maintain .

Windfor. Psalm 16. Ver. 5. 6. 8. Old Ver.

Then in thy paths, O Lord, be most pure, guide me Lord and preserve

That from the way that holy is, my feet may never swerve

6. For I do call to thee, O Lord, surely thou wilt me aid:  
Then hear my Prayer, & weigh right well, the words which I have said.  
8. O keep me as thou wouldst keep, the Apple of thine eye .  
And under covert of thy wings defend me secretly .



## Yarmouth. Psalm 111. Ver. 1. 2. 3. New Ver.

Praise ye the Lord, our God to Praise, my Soul her utmost power raise.

With private Fr<sup>ds</sup> and in the throng, of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.

2. His works for greatness the renown, his wondrous w<sup>ks</sup> th<sup>e</sup> are found

By those who seek for them aright, and in the pious search delight.

3. His works are all of matchless Fame, and universal glory claim,

His truth confirm'd thro Ages past, shall to eternal Ages last.

## York. Psalm 34. Ver. 7. 8. 9. New Ver.

The Hosts of God encamp around the dwellings of the just,

Deliv'rance he affords to all who on his succour trust.

8. O make but trial of his Love, experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.

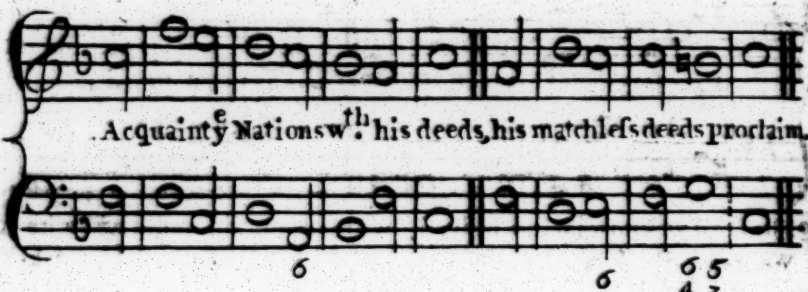
9. Fear him ye Saints, and ye will then, have nothing else to fear;  
Make but his service your delight, your wants shall be his care.

## Old 81 Tune, Psalm 105. Ver. 1. 2. 3. 4. New Ver.



O render th<sup>ks</sup> and bleſs<sup>e</sup> Lord, invoke his ſacred Name;

6



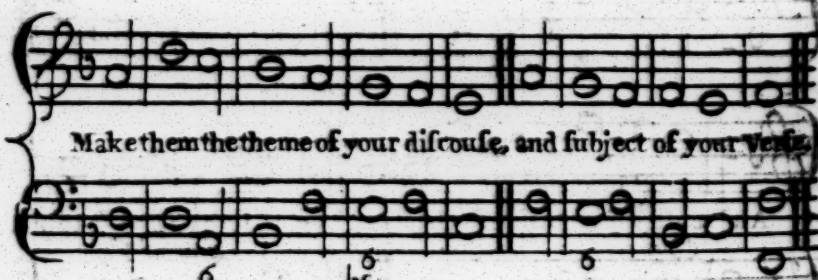
Acquaint<sup>e</sup> Nations w<sup>th</sup> his deeds, his matchleſs deeds proclaim.

6 6 5 4 3



Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns, his wondrous w<sup>ks</sup> rehearſe;

6 6 6 7 6 6



Make them the theme of your diſcourſe, and ſubject of your Verſe.

6 b5 6

3. Rejoyce in his almighty Name, alone to be ador'd;
- And let their hearts overflow with joy, that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength devoutly ſtill implore;
- And where he's ever preſent ſeek, his Face for evermore.

Ver.  
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Psaln 100. Old Ver.

All people y<sup>e</sup> on earth do dwell! Sing to y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>d</sup>. w<sup>th</sup> cheerful Voi

6 6 3 6

Him serve w<sup>th</sup> f<sup>th</sup> his praise f<sup>th</sup> tell Come ye before him & rejoyce.

6 5 6 7 7 8 7 4 3

2. The Lord ye know is God indeed, without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock he doth us feed. and for his sheep he doth us take.
3. O enter then his gates with praise, approach with joy his Courts unto  
Praise laud and blefs his N<sup>me</sup> always for it is seemly so to do.
4. For why the Lord our God is good, his mercy is for ever sure  
His truth at all times firmly stood, and shall from Age to Age endure.

Psaln 67 Ver. 1. 2. 3. New Ver.

To blefs the chosen race, in mercy Lord incline

6 6 6 6 5

And cause y<sup>e</sup> brightness of thy face, on all thy Saints to shine.

6 6 6 6 5

2. That so thy wondrous ways may thro the World be known;  
Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay and thy Salvation own.
3. Let differing Nations join to celebrate thy Fame;  
Let all the World O Lord combine to praise thy glorious Name.

# Psalm 104. Ver. 1. 2. 17. 23. Old Ver.

My Soul praise <sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>d</sup> speak good of his Name. O Lord our gr<sup>t</sup>. G<sup>d</sup>.

6 6 5 6 6

How dost thou appear, So pasing in glory, that gr<sup>t</sup> is thy fame !

6 8 7 5 4 # 6 6 5 6 6

Honour and Majesty, in thee shine most clear .

6 6 6 # 8 7

- |      |  |  |
|------|--|--|
| 2 .  | With light as a Robe,<br>Whereby all the earth,<br>The heavens in such sort,<br>That they to a Curtain | thou hast thy self clad,<br>thy greatness may see.<br>thou also hast spread,<br>compared may be .                    |
| 17 . | How sundry O Lord,<br>With wisdom full great<br>So that the whole world,<br>And as for thy riches      | are all thy works found .<br>they are indeed wrought ,<br>of thy Praise doth sound ,<br>they pass all Mens thought . |
| 23 . | To this Lord and God,<br>So long as I live .<br>Then am I most certain<br>I will rejoyce in him ,      | sing will I always ,<br>my God praise will I .<br>my words shall him please .<br>to him will I cry .                 |



Pfalm 119. Ver. 1. 2. 3. 4. New Ver.

How blest are they who a ways keep the pure and perfect way.

Who never from the sacred paths of Gods commandm<sup>t</sup>s stray:

How blest who to his righteous laws have still obedient been!

And have w<sup>th</sup> fervent humble Zeal his favour sought to win!

3. Such men their utmost caution use to shun each wicked deed;  
But in the path which he directs, with constant care proceed.

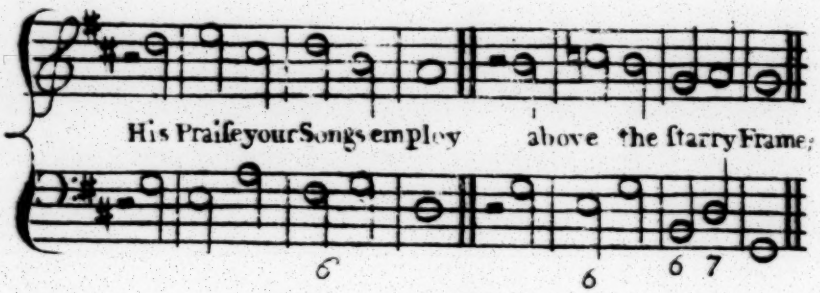
4. Thou strictly hast enjoyn'd us Lord, to learn thy sacred will;  
And all our diligence employ thy statutes to fulfil.



Psalm 148. Ver. 1. 12. 13. 14. New Ver.



Ye boundless realms of Joy, exalt your Makers Fame;



His Praise your Songs employ above the starry Frame;



Your Voices raise, Ye Cherubim, & Seraphim to sing his Praise.

12. Let all of royal Birth, with those of humbler Fame,  
And Judges of the earth, his matchless Praise proclaim;  
In this design, Let youth with Maids,  
And Hoary heads, With Children joyn.

13. United Zeal be shewn, his wond'rous fame to raise,  
Whole glorious Name alone, deserves our endless Praise;  
Earth's utmost ends, His pow'r obey,  
His glorious sway The sky transcends.

14. His chosen Saints to grace, he sits them up on high,  
And favours Israels race, who still to him draw nigh;  
O therefore raise, Your grateful Voice,  
And still rejoice, The Lord to Praise.



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ry Frame;



is Praise.



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